

SUPPOSED TO BE DEAD.

An Incident Characteristic of Indian Superstition—A Squaw's Suffering.

A young squaw fleeing from the advancing Sioux reached the inclosure pursued by half a score of painted devils, their hands already reaching with Pawnee gore, writes a New York Tribune correspondent. Seizing escape impossible, she fell flat on the ground and pulled her blanket over her head to lose sight of the descending blow. It came from a tomahawk that glanced off her skull without penetrating it. The whites were within a few rods, firing as they ran, and one of the Sioux braves fell, shot dead, beside the prostrate woman. Another, however, jerked the blanket from her bleeding head, and with haste born of fear cut around and cruelly lifted her scalp, she was conscious all the time, but never uttering a sound. The savage fled with his bloody trophy to regain his comrades. The troops came to the rescue of the sadly outnumbered Pawnees, and together they succeeded in putting the Sioux to rout. When the panic subsided the wounded squaw was borne into the mission hospital and her injuries dressed. In spite of the scalping she bade fair to recover. Strange to relate, however, her friends showed a great reluctance to her receiving medical treatment, claiming that according to an Indian precept and example a scalped person should be dead, and her recovery would only bring "bad medicine" to her tribe. The woman acquiesced in this opinion, and expressed perfect willingness to be sacrificed to the ancient customs. The next morning the squaw's cot was empty and the patient nowhere to be found.

Two days later some trappers hunting a stray horse on the river bank, miles away, were startled to hear groans coming from a neighboring thicket. Thinking that some wounded Sioux had been abandoned to die, they cautiously approached. There, buried all but her face in the drifting sand, was the scalped squaw, still alive and conscious. They dug her out, and brought her back to the mission, thoroughly cured of her willingness to die. She told how she had been stolen from the hospital by her own family and hurled by the river bank. She now wanted to live, and a close watch was kept to prevent her being again offered as a victim to savage superstition. Once afterward, when walking in the yard, she was spirited away by the Pawnees and hidden in a temple that when night fell she might be buried more secretly. Again she was restored to the mission, and, upon strong threats of military vengeance should anything occur to her in future, the poor creature was allowed by her tribe to live out the remainder of her days.

She Wouldn't Wash Dogs.  
A curious case of especial interest to elderly spinsters and lovers of house pets is shortly to come before the Berlin courts. A young woman engaged as companion to an elderly lady at stated wages, but ran away from her place two days after entering service.

Her mistress procured her arrest under the law that a servant must give due notice before leaving her situation; but the police, after hearing the girl's statement, told the lady that she could not compel the girl to return, and could only claim damages in the civil court.

For the girl stated, and her statements have been proved true, that on entering the lady's flat four immense dogs jumped at her, although they did not hurt her any harm. In the next room another big dog, with a litter of pups, met her gaze, while the third room was tenanted by at least three dozen different varieties of birds.

The kitchen of the old lady was given over to the cats, and the girl's sleeping room was converted into a temporary hospital for invalid members of the animal world.

"The old lady," said the girl, "was very kind to me, but as my duties consisted in washing all the dogs daily, and I had to share my bed with half a dozen dogs and cats, I was obliged to run away to avoid sickness."

Curing a Cold.  
To get rid of a cold, says The Ladies Home Journal, send to the druggist for a mixture containing sulphate of atropia, one two hundredths of a grain, strychnine, bi-sulphate of quinine two grains, and Fowler's solution, five drops, to each dose. Take a dose once in two hours for three or four times, or until the throat begins to feel slightly dry. If this does not entirely relieve the symptoms, repeat the treatment the next day. Copy this prescription carefully, and use it with care as some of the ingredients are poisonous. There is no danger in using it if the directions are followed exactly. Before going to bed take a warm bath. The next morning sponge the body rapidly with tepid water, rubbing it hard until the blood circulates quickly and the skin is in a glow. Take more exercise than usual, and do not sit in a hot room with the windows shut. Mix a teaspoonful of cream of tartar in a tumblerful of water and drink it during the day. If the cough is troublesome take a gentle laxative, as a rhubarb pill. It is very important that all the avenues of the body for carrying off waste matter should be well open.

A Story of Josh Billings.  
A few years ago, riding up town in a Madison Avenue car, I was seated opposite the gentleman who is best remembered as Josh Billings. The rear platform was somewhat crowded, and in the course of our ride one of the passengers stepped off and on several times, in order to assist the lady passengers. Finally, when the car was just comfortably filled, and the courteous gentleman had taken his seat inside, Josh Billings, seeing an opportunity for a joke, beckoned to the conductor, and pointing to the stranger, said, "Don't you charge for every ride on this car?"

"You sir," answered he, "I've seen that fellow get on 'er six times, and you have only one fare from him."—Har Magazine.

Society and Frugality in Dress.  
Recently has been started by woman in New York City, the advancement of propriety in dress. A black dress, by the pastor of the church, the socially originated, and to be avoided the and sleek bodies, and sleek bodies, sleek titling.

A Death in the Bush.

The hut was built of bark and shrunken And wore the marks of many rains, and Dry leaves therein had kept and nestled rot; Moreover, round the bases of the bark Were left the tracks of flying forest fires, As you may see them on the lower bole Of every elder of the native woods.

For, ere the early settlers came and stocked These wilds with sheep and kine, the grasses grew So that they took the passing pilgrim in; And whelmed him, like a running sea, from sight.

And therefore, through the fiercer summer months, While all the swamps were rotten, while the flats Were baked and broken, when the clayey rills Yawned wide, half choked with drifted herb-are past; Spontaneous flames would burst from thence, and race Across the prairies all day long.

From these a cattle track, with link to link, Ran of again, the fire-pool, to the gate, Where you face to face with gleaming miles Of forest Orara winding in among Black, barren ridges where the nether grass Are fenced about by cotton scrub, and spurs Blue bitten with the salt of many droughts.—Kendall.

TRUE LOVE REWARDED.

A young girl stood at the door of a vine-walled cottage in Germany, listening for her lover's steps. She made a pretty picture, with her wistful blue eyes, her tangle of yellow curls, and her fair oval face, delicate as a wild anemone in its coloring. Suddenly she sprang forward. "Oh, Conrad! are you here at last? But what is the matter?" as a glance at his troubled face startled her.

"Zina," said Conrad slowly, "my name was almost the first drawn. I have come to bid you good-bye until the war is over."

Zina grew very white as she listened but a look of pride came into her eyes after a moment.

"Oh, Conrad! it is glorious to fight for one's country. I wish I were a man, I would go, too! But what will your poor mother do without you?"

"I shall expect my little Zina to comfort her in my absence, and to see that she lacks nothing," answered Conrad, with a struggle to speak calmly.

It would not do to waste the flying moments of this last precious interview in futile regrets; and though his heart was sore at the thought of parting with those he loved so well, he went on cheerfully.

"My mother will be well off. See? And he drew a purse, filled with silver pieces, from his pocket and showed them to Zina. "I have some months' pay in advance, so as to leave her comfortable as regards money."

The parting drew near on the wings of inexorable time, and the lovers had but a brief few minutes left. With a voice choked with tears, Zina said: "Whatever happens, I know that you will be true to your king and country and to me. If you die, it will be the death of a brave man, and I will live as faithful to your memory as though I were your widow."

Their lips met in a long lingering kiss, then Zina was alone. Her heart was heavy. God alone could know what the future held in store for her—that mysterious, implacable, unspitting future whose threshold her faltering feet were even now hesitating to cross.

Zina's beauty and gentleness had proved attractive to another besides Conrad. Heinrich Altman had lost his heart the first time he set eyes upon her sweet face. But she was already promised to Conrad, so that his suit was in vain. He was glad at heart when his rival had thus suddenly been taken out of his way; but he disguised the ungenerous feeling, and came to the cottage now and then with news of the army-movements, sure of thus winning Zina's eager interested attention.

"Who knows," he thought, "Conrad may be shot, and if I gain Zina's confidence and friendship, when the rebuff from sorrow comes, then will be my chance. I may win the wife I covet after all."

townpeople that in some way he had been disgraced. The reports reached the ears of Zina's parents, and they questioned Heinrich about them, giving Heinrich his authority, saying: "It is all very well for you to have faith in him, but no one else has, and the sooner you turn your thoughts from the unworthy one who has disgraced his name the better. There is one, even now, who is dying for a favorable look from your eyes, and he would be a fine match for you."

Zina's mother was the spokeswoman, but she expressed her good man's opinion also; and poor Zina's home comfort was, from this time, completely destroyed between her mother's garrulous advocacy of Heinrich's now openly declared suit, and her virulent denunciations of her lover.

At last, nearly crazed by the constant strain upon her mind, Zina made a sudden resolve. She went to her secret room, and offered herself as a nurse for the wounded soldiers, and thus by relieving the sufferings of others mitigate her own anguish.

Had Conrad's mother been living, Zina would not have had the heart to go, for the lonely old woman had been dependent on her for many kindly services. But about a week after Conrad's departure she was found one morning apparently in a deep sleep, so peaceful and quiet that at first Zina hesitated to disturb her; but it was the slumber that knows no waking. The death-angel had laid his hand so tenderly upon her brow that all the lines drawn upon it by years of toil and sorrow had vanished, and the worn face seemed to wear a look of the eternal youth which had come to her freed spirit.

Great consternation prevailed in the household when Zina was found to be missing. As often happens, when it was too late to change their course of action, Zina's parents regretted their harshness.

Heinrich, too, felt the pangs of sorrow and of unavailing remorse as he saw how useless his plotting had proved, and that it had brought misery to the girl he loved. He found that true love will be still true, though the object of affection be faulty; that to hate the sin is not necessarily to hate the sinner.

As Zina started out alone and unprotected on her tedious pilgrimage, oftentimes her heart throbbled with fear as she met and passed groups of rough-looking men. But her chosen garb of a Sister of Charity proved a most effectual safeguard. The most rude and reckless respected its sanctity, and made no attempt to gaze at the face sheltered in its sombre hood.

When about three days' journey from home she came upon a temporary hospital which had been fitted up for the accommodation of the wounded soldiers. Here she proffered her services, which were gladly accepted. She was taken at once into the ranks of nurses, for the supply was far short of the demand. For days she worked faithfully among the poor fellows of one ward, binding up their wounds, and lending a sympathizing ear to their messages for distant friends.

Then she was changed to a different ward. As she entered it and glanced pityingly around, what was her surprise to see Conrad's face lying pale and disfigured upon one of the snowy pillows.

She uttered an involuntary cry, and started forward. Mingled with her sorrow at sight of a ghastly wound which stretched across one cheek and extended to the temple, was a surging tide of joy at the thought that here was evidence to prove that her confidence had not been misplaced. No coward could carry a mark like that. He had received it face to face with his foe.

And conspicuous for its brightness on a red ribbon, a decoration lay upon his breast. Zina recognized it to be like the one worn by an aged veteran at home, who had won it by bravery which had caused him to be ever after incapacitated from active duty, but which had made him the one person in the place sought out by visitors of nobility. Often had her tiny fingers touched the old man's precious badge reverently and admiringly, and Conrad wore one.

With the speed of light these thoughts and conclusions flashed through her mind as she stood beside his bed. Suddenly his eyes opened and turned toward her.

"Oh, Conrad!" she murmured, sinking upon her knees beside him. "I am here! Do you not know your own Zina? For a wild fear had darted into my mind as she met his indifferent gaze, and she had been bereft of reason by that terrible wound? But, no; he knew the voice and put forth a hand to grope aimlessly about, until it closed upon Zina's slender fingers. Then he said:

"Thank God that you have come to me—that I can hear you speak once more before I die!"

"Don't talk of dying. I cannot bear it. I have come to take such care of you that you will live," sobbed Zina.

"I do not wish to live. Do you not see that I am blind? It is better for me to die than to drag out a wretched burdensome existence."

The girl bent and covered his hand with passionate kisses.

"Blind or not, it matters little to me, so that you are alive. If you only could know how I have longed to see you."

virtue village with her young husband, the inhabitants greeted him with an enthusiastic welcome, and bright-faced children strewed flowers under the feet of the young hero whom all delighted to honor. At first Heinrich was wild with vexation at the turn affairs had taken.

But when Conrad sought him out and extended the hand of fellowship, saying, "Let bygones be bygones, old friend," his heart was melted, and overwhelmed with grief and shame at the part he had acted, he exclaimed: "You are a noble fellow, Conrad! You are worthy of Zina. May you be as happy as you deserve to be."

He Didn't Want Any Soap.

"You can either beat a farmer as sleek as grease or you can't beat him at all," said the patent hair fork man as we were talking about his adventures in the rural regions. "That is, he is either gullible or oversuspicious. Some will refuse a good thing and some will snap at a swindle. I think I can illustrate my declarations right here, or at least one of them. The man in the seat over there is a farmer."

"And he's one of the sort who suspects every stranger. Watch me try him."

He took a cake of toilet soap from his satchel and going over to the farmer saluted him in a pleasant manner, and added: "I have a new make of soap here which I am introducing to the public. It is worth fifteen cents a cake, but I make the price only five."

"Don't want it," was the gruff reply. "With every cake goes a \$5 green-back, a gold bracelet, the deed of a town lot in Kansas, a pocket knife, a pair of eye-glasses, and a solid gold ring."

"Don't want 'em, sir!" "As I want your opinion of the soap I will give it to you." "I won't take it!" "But, sir, in order to introduce it into your neighborhood I will give you 100 cakes free, and at the same time leave five watches and five deeds to town lots."

"Laws-a-headers!" shouted the farmer as he jumped up and spat on his hands. "You go away from me or I'll mash you! I'm on to your tricks, old man, and if you think you have picked up a hayseed, you are barking up the wrong tree."

And the hay-fork man had to move lively to escape the blow levelled at his nose.

Abusing the Voice.  
As the voice is the most delicate of instruments and one which resents at once any abuse of its powers, be sure that you are not misusing it, Emma C. Thursty says in The Ladies Home Journal. It is the easiest thing in the world to detect such misuse when it exists. After singing for twenty minutes stop and see if there are any feelings of weariness or evidences of huskiness about the throat. If there are, you are forcing your voice, and you will show your wisdom by not singing again until you have learned how to use it properly. Some people learn naturally how to use the voice, while with others it is a matter of necessity that they shall be taught. And as there is no surer way to lose a voice than to abuse it, if you find that it is not as easy for you to sing as to laugh, and if you desire to do anything in the future with your voice, cease singing until you can secure a good teacher. It will not hurt your voice to remain unused, though, of course, early training and constant practice are most desirable.

If, however, you find that you are using your voice properly and that your efforts are pleasing to your friends, sing as often and as much in your home and in your front parlour as you please, remembering always that it is better to sing half-a-dozen times a day for ten minutes at a time, than once for an hour. Never sing for a longer period than ten minutes, without resting. It is dangerous in the extreme to tire the voice, and this evil will take prompt and sure revenge by roughening its quality and spoiling its natural sweetness.

Misunderstanding.  
A great deal of unhappiness in home life comes from misunderstanding the people one lives with. Each of us is more or less affected by the personal impression of a conversation, incident or episode. The way it strikes us is very apt to push quite out of sight the way it may strike another. In consequence we misinterpret moods or attributes to our kindred motives which have never occurred to them. The quiet manner is taken to mean irritability, the man who is simply weariness, or the impulsive spirit is supposed to spring from anger, when it may have its origin from embarrassment or in indifference. At all events life would be smoother in many a home if everybody would endeavor to understand his or her neighbor in the home, and if everybody were taken at the best and not at the worst valuation.—Christian Intelligence.

Wolf Bounties in Minnesota.  
During the last six years Minnesota has paid \$78,831 for wolf bounties. During certain months of the year the bounty is only \$3 per scalp, during other months it is \$5. It is alleged that in certain counties certain persons have been in the habit of farming wolves, and also of keeping wolf cubs in captivity during the months when their scalps were worth only \$3 until the \$5 months come around. It is also alleged that wolf scalps have been imported from other states, and that, generally speaking, the bounty system has been grossly abused.

Australian Railway.  
One of the great feats of the railway engineering of the time is being performed in northern Queensland. A line is being constructed from Cairns to the tin mines of Herbertown. It is costing \$200,000 to \$250,000 per mile. A whole range of mountains had to be crossed, and the trains will pass over perilous precipices and yawning chasms.

Insects' Eyes.  
The eyes of insects are immovable, and many of them seem cut into a multitude of facets, like the facets of a diamond. Each of these facets is supposed to possess the powers of a true eye; Linsenboeck counted 3,181 of them in the corner of a beetle, and over 8,000 in that of a common horsefly.

Saturated with Nicotine.  
The body of a Russian who died in McKeesport, Pa., a few days ago from cigarette smoking, was found to be yellow as a sunflower because of the nicotine with which it was saturated.

VIRTUE REWARDED.

How a Tippy Man Insisted on Showing His Gratitude.

A man of middle age and rather distinguished appearance found himself in a dilemma recently, which was probably more amusing when he got home and told his family about it than it was in actual occurrence says the N. Y. Sun. It was on that stage where there are always players to be found—the elevated train. The other actor was a man whose body and mind were neither in stable equilibrium, and who just didn't know whether he was in the best of tempers or in the worst. He stood unsteadily on his feet near the eminently respectable man, and finally, as the train went round a curve, gave a plunge that would have landed him on his face if the other had not nimbly put out an arm to catch him. This act brought down upon him a gratitude that was more than he had bargained for. Straightening himself up, the tippy man looked at the other and said: "I like you." His friend nodded good-humoredly. "Yes, I like you," he went on; "you're a good fellow. I know a good fellow when I see 'im, an' (pulling out a silver dollar) I'm goin' to give you this."

"Oh, put up your dollar," said the man, with a wave of the hand. "I don't want it."

"But I want you to have it," insisted his grateful friend. "I say you've got to take it."

"And I say I won't take it," said the other, while all the passengers began to watch the proceedings with interest.

The half-drunken man was holding the dollar in his open palm right in the face of his rescuer.

"Now, look here," he said deliberately, "you've got to take this dollar, or you've got to take a lickin'. When I give a man a dollar he's got to take it, or I lick him." The other pushed the hand away somewhat rudely, while the orator still went on. "I like you, you're a good fellow; but I'll lick you if you don't take this dollar."

There were little cries from the men seated near. "Fight it out!" said one. "Take his dollar!" said several. The dignified man hesitated, while his grateful friend went on repeating: "If you don't, I'll lick you." Finally, with a very red face and a sheepish look, he put out his hand and took the dollar. He slipped it into the outside pocket of his coat, while his friend murmured with satisfaction: "You're a good fellow, you are. I can always tell a good fellow when I see him."

This was virtue rewarded.

A New Jersey Accommodation Train.

The days of old in which knights were bold have passed, but fortunately the successors to some of these old covers are occasionally to be met with, even in these degenerate times. Some little time since a pretty little German-town girl sat in a bob-tail car, and opposite her was a young man who made many apparent attempts to begin a flirtation. Next to the young lady was an awkward looking youth, brassy and tall, who evidently lived on a farm in New Jersey. He observed the ogling of the man across the car for some minutes, while his face assumed an expression of great disgust. Turning to the young lady he stammered:

"Don't you want that fule to stop?" The young lady said she did. The Jersey man arose, and without further ado grasped the flirtatious youth by the neck with one hand, yanked the belt-strap with the other, opened the door, and jammed the prisoner through it, and as he went out administered a parting kick. Then the farmer sat down again by the young lady, murmuring: "S-s-sorry I d-didn't hev a c-cage 'n' a chain—I'd er liked ter t-t-take it h-home for a p-pet.—Philadelphia Press.

Facts About Hailstones.

It is the heavy blocks of ice which do the greatest amount of damage, as naturally a lump weighing even an ounce is a formidable missile when it falls from a height of 1,000 feet. When these falls are about to take place observers have reported that a peculiar rattling sound is heard in the atmosphere, evidently from collision between these stones striking one another in their fall. A very careful observer, who was overtaken by one of these falls in the Caucasus, near Tiflis, states that it occurred immediately after an ordinary hail shower, and that he could see the successive showers marching over the country, and noticed that between the last edge of the falling hail and the front edge of the falling ice blocks there was a distinct break, through which he could see the sun shining. It was on this particular occasion that the best specimens of crystal-bespangled hailstones have been recorded and sketched, but others have been reported from Natal and quite recently from Philadelphia, United States, on Oct. 1, 1889.—Longman's Magazine.

Absent-Minded.

An amusing circumstance occurred at the Continental hotel recently, says the Philadelphia Inquirer, when a prominent railroad official, who resided in the interior of the state, stepped up to the clerk's desk and wrote John Blank "and wife."

"Is your wife in the ladies' parlor?" asked the clerk, with a view of sending an escort to show her to the apartment he had assigned them.

"My wife?" said the arrival, with a bewildered air, as he stood as if lost in reverie. "Why, my wife? Then he arose and glanced about as if he was looking for her. "Why, my wife," he finally remarked, recovering himself, "why, I declare, I left her at Atlantic City. We have been traveling together and have become so accustomed to registering her that I entirely forgot that she was to stay at the shore."

There was a hearty laugh all around at the expense of the railroad man, in which he joined.

"Gracious, I would not let her know of this for anything," he remarked as he darted away to the elevator.

A Distinction.

An English physician who is a specialist on dyspepsia and all affections of the digestive organs has a large clientele among women. Aside from the fact which attracts his large number of patients, it is also necessary, if one may judge from a remark attributed to him. A suggestion that women were habitually untruthful elicited this correction: "I draw a distinction between inaccuracy and untruth. Women are often inaccurate because they are emotional. They describe sensations rather than relate facts, but this is a constitutional not a moral fault."

A farmer in Holt county, Kansas, has twenty-six living children, all of whom are unmarried and live at the homestead.

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STEAMER MANZANILLO  
GEO. SHAVER, Master.

Leaves Tuesdays and Thursdays for CLATSKANIE, and intermediate points. Returning next day. On Sundays, for SKAMOKAWA, CATHLAMET and WESTPORT, and intermediate points, returning next day.

DON'T BUY YOUR DRUGS  
ANYWHERE. But at a regular DRUG STORE

FRESHEST,  
PUREST,  
AND BEST  
of everything at

The Clatskanie Drug Store

DR. J. E. HALL, PROPRIETOR.

D. DISNEY,

SADDLE AND HARNESS MAKER  
Repairing a Specialty.